

Count in the corral

I usually walk my dog Grizzly to the park where there is a fenced area for fertilizing. Poopular ground you might say. There I mingle around with other dog owners while our furry friends running around making obscene moves. This particular morning Grizzly and I were alone and I leaning against the fence reading my morning newspaper that I picked up from my driveway. I inherited Grizzly from my late aunt. I would never spend money on an ankle biter. It is some kind of lapdog and unless he moves you cannot tell witch side to feed. To avoid any more angry calls from the humane society I stopped using the vissells of the vacuum cleaner and have to walk with him to the park now. I guess I could use the calorie burning as well. I was reading the section of yesterday's sport events, saving the rest for my oatmeal breakfast. I looked up while turning a page and saw John Conner on his 50cc scooter riding down the street. I whistled and waived at him to come over. He saw me and turned around. I was surprised to see a sad expression on his face while I watched him riding up on the parks walk way. He stopped in a cloud of dust in front of me with one foot on the ground like a genuine biker. He took of his visor-less helmet and WWI goggles.

"You're moping on yo' moped at this early hour John?" I asked him. He wrinkled his mouth and grunted a " yeah " to me. I never seen him so disturbed and it worried me. It must be more than one thing on his mind.

"Yo know Stan, I have to do somethin' about this protectionistic society of ours. It's drivin' me nuts man."

I am folding my newspaper now. Because a great lecture front is moving in from his intellectual horizon and I can feel the demanding overcast of attention above me. I straiten myself up from the fence as his arm starts to move.

"It's like a spine through it all man. Yo' buy sometin' in Hi-Tech packages seduced by commercials an' can't open it. Like, when yo' bought their goods yo're on yo' own. But when yo' goin' to pay up, it all turns around. All those deposit envelopes an' delivery bags open so easily, don't they huh. Drop offs is the ultimate insult. I'm telling' yo."

"But this isn't really news John, greed and money collection have always been lubricated in the human mind since we left payment with shells." I said.

"Yeah, but that's not what I meant. We both know disability is the most common segregation today no matter what minority groups sayin'. They just pity themselves focusin' on their skin, like complainin' is a cure. No Stan, what we need is to make all good citizen's deed accounted for. If yo' cool man, yo' can make constructive criticism. That will eliminate a lot of oral manure."

He now looks up in an angle like a poet waiting for the wind of admiration from an academy crowd messing up his hair. He has something here and I cleaning my ear canal with my pinky. He has wrapped up all minorities into one discrimination group, saying they all loath challenged body functions among themselves. Now there is an axe blow to swing for an intellectual slayer! He looks back at me with a 500 Watt smile of confidence expecting me to say something.

"So, ahum... John. Countin' the good citizen's input will be very much like... Noah, I reckon. What's the floatin' platform for this information flow from the main stream?" I said, trying to sound like a 21st century computer man.

"It's very simple Stan." was his reply and continued:

"As the vegetarian mother says; Hurry on kids before the food wilts."

This is too simple for me to understand, so to buy time, I am looking around for Grizzly. He is standing behind me by the fence listening to us with a tilted head and wagging his tail. So I tilt my head too and we both look at John Conner expecting him to say something.

" Yo' an' yo' dog didn't get that, huh? Well, let me put in this way. First came the spoken word, like the radio. Then it was written down and spread around very much like the fax machine... and then... delivered promises just like the check in the mail. It's just like Broccoli man. Nobody knows where it comes from, but it's here. Are yo' with me Stan?"

I and the dog both kept staring at him the only thing that moved was Grizzly's tail. John Conner is rolling his eyeballs and twitching the corner of his mouth. It is quiet for three seconds.

"Mister computer man. Yo' setting up a server with a motherboard for the ultimate countin' system for good deeds, right, where the given password leads yo' into the corral. A reciprocal E-mail that responds to knee-mail. Yo' dig. Now I said everythin'."

And with those final words he putts on his visor-less helmet and WWI goggles. Kick starts the moped, rev it up and takes off in a cloud of dust just in the way he came. In my next column I will tell you more about the opinions of my friend John Conner.

Your man in the zone
Stanley Mintras